Giue me my ſin againe.
Iuli. Youe kiſſe bith booke.
Nur. Madam your mother craues a word with you.
Ro. What is her mother?
Nurſ. Marrie Batcheler,
Her mother is the Lady of the houſe,
And a good Ladie, and a wiſe and vertuous,
I Nurſt her daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall haue the chincks.
Ro. Is ſhe a *Capulet*?
O deare account! my life is my foes debt.
Ben. Away begon, the ſport is at the beſt.
Ro. I ſo I feare, the more is my vnreſt.
Capu. Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling fooliſh banquet towards:
Is it ene ſo? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honeſt gentlemen, good night:
More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.
Ah ſirrah, by my faie it waxes late,
Ile to my reſt.
Iuli. Come hither Nurſe, what is yond gentleman?
Nurſ. The ſonne and heire of old *Tyberio*.
Iuli. Whats he that now is going out of doore?
Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio*.
Iu. Whats he that follows here that wold not dãce?
Nur. I know not.
Iuli. Go aske his name, if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurſ. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely ſonne of your great enemie.
Iuli. My onely loue ſprung from my onely hate,
Too earlie ſeene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,
That I muſt loue a loathed enemie.
Nurſ. Whats tis? whats tis

Iu. A rime I learnt euen now
Of one I danſt withall.
One call within Iuliet
Nurſ. Anon, anon:
Come lets away, the ſtrangers all a

Chorus.
Now old deſire doth in his deathb
And young affection gapes to be
That faire for which loue gronde
With tender *Iuliet* match, is now
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and loues
Alike bewitched by the charme
But to his foe ſuppoſd he muſt co
And ſhe ſteale loues ſweete bait f
Being held a foe, he may not haue
To breathe ſuch vowes as louers
And ſhe as much in loue, her mea
To meete her new beloued any
But paſſion lends them power, tim
Tempring extremities with extr

Enter Romeo *al*
Ro. Can I go forward when m
Turne backe dull earth and find

Enter Benuolio *with*
Ben. *Romeo*, my Coſen *Romeo*,
Mer. He is wiſe, and on my life
Ben. He ran this way and leapt
Call good *Mercutio*:
Nay Ile coniure too.
Mer. *Romeo*, humours, madma
Appeare thou in the likeneſſe of
Speake but on rime and I am ſati
Crie but ay me, prouaunt, but lo
Speake to my goſhip *Venus* one
One nickname for her purblind